

HOME SECTION SOUTHERN TEXTILE BULLETIN

Edited by "Becky Ann" (Mrs. Ethel Thomas)

CHARLOTTE, N. C., NOVEMBER 17, 1927.

News of the Mill Villages

LAGRANGE, GA.

Death Calls Three. Class Studies Scout Training.

W. E. Duke, valued and loyal employee of Unity Spinning Mill, has answered the last call, after an illness of two weeks. He was a member of the Congregational Church. His wife, six daughters and three sons, survive him.

Mrs. J. C. Turner, age 30, and since girlhood a beloved and highly respected resident of the Dixie Mill community, died in the home of her mother, Mrs. I. M. Hasty, where she had been for two weeks. She was a member of Dixie Methodist church, and had been since a small girl, living close to her Maker every day. She was 30 years of age, and leaves a bereaved husband and three small sons, four sisters and one brother.

Mrs. J. L. Williams, age 26, wife of the popular druggist, at Williams Pharmacy, died in Dunson hospital after a few days illness, leaving a husband and three small children. She was a devoted member of Unity Methodist church, a good neighbor, friend, wife and mother. She will be greatly missed.

Leadership.

Realizing the great importance and responsibility of leadership, a large number of people, met at the Domestic Science Cottage on Forrest Ave., to begin a study-course in Scout training,—said course offered by Columbia University, and will be taught by Prof. C. W. Coleman. The meeting of the class will be each Tuesday evening at 6:30. Supper will be served.

Each community church was represented in the first meeting, as follows:

Harvey Whaley, of the First Christian church; Aubrey Lauderdale and Stanton Bartlett, of the Congregational church; W. P. Jones, Horace Knight and Rev. J. B. Rice, of Unity Baptist; Rev. J. D. C. Wil-

son and Harry Pitts, of the Episcopal; Rev. A. D. Echols, of Unity Methodist; C. W. Coleman and F. S. Foster, of Southwest LaGrange Baptist.

A re-organized Boy Scout Troup for Dunson, promises to be a success. Mr. Homer Adams and Mr. Gilmore of Hillside, kindly assisted in giving the work a new start. F. L. Chastian was elected scoutmaster, and Charles Horton, assistant.

KINGS MOUNTAIN, N. C.

Good Man Dies. Cupid Busy. Mill To Be Sold.

Death of John H. Rutledge.

Mr. John H. Rutledge died at his home near the Pauline Mill Monday night. He had been ailing for some time, but it was not thought serious. He had been up most of the day Monday, went to bed as usual and awakened members of his family just a short while before the end came.

He was nearly seventy-two years old and is survived by the following children: Mrs. Henry Huffstetler of the Dilling Mill; Mrs. Charles Littlejohn, with whom he made his home, and Mrs. W. H. Pope of Winston-Salme. He professed faith in Christ early in life and joined the Baptist church in Yadkin county, moving his membership to the First Baptist church here, when he came here a number of years ago. He was good and quiet, and never talked about his fellowman.

Funeral services were held at the home Wednesday at two o'clock by his pastor, Rev. C. J. Black and interment made in the city cemetery.

Mr. William Dodson, Charlotte machinist who has been installing machinery for the Margrace Mill was painfully injured in an automobile accident here Friday afternoon, when the Essex car he was driving turned over in a collision with a Studebaker, crushing his leg in such a manner that it was feared it would

have to be amputated. Drs. Stokes and Hord rendered first-aid and sent him to the Presbyterian Hospital at Charlotte, where every effort will be made to save his leg.

Rev. A. P. Ader has been returned to the pastorate of the central Methodist church by the Western North Carolina Methodist Conference held in Asheville last week.

Four Couples Wed.

It seems that an epidemic of marrying has struck Kings Mountain lately, and especially among those who have tried it before. Those we have learned about since we last reported are, Mr. Henry Kennedy and Miss Irene Turner; Mr. Walter Goode and Mrs. Cora Lee Bowers; Mr. George Detmar and Miss Thelma Carpenter; Mr. Charlie Walker and Miss Guynell Gladden.

Mr. W. K. Mauney has been appointed permanent receiver for the Mason Mill, and December 5 has been set as the date for it to be sold.

The Kings Mountain City B. Y. P. U. met with the First Baptist church Tuesday night. Considering the bad weather the crowd was good and the spirit was fine. After the reports from the unions, Mr. J. P. Thomas of Gastonia, made an excellent address on B. Y. P. U. work.

Phenix Mill.

The supper given by the Ladies' Aid of Grace church, Saturday night was a success. A number of people from town came down for supper several came from other towns. Those coming from Bessemer City were Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Vernon and Mrs. Ed Petty.

Mr. and Mrs. James Begg and children of Bessemer City were guests of their daughter, Mrs. Lewis Keener, Sunday.

Mrs. H. Y. Belk was in Bessemer City, Thursday.

Miss Fay Mauney spent the week end in Bessemer City with her uncle, R. C. Kennedy.

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Becky Ann's Own Page

CHERISHED MESSAGES

FROM LOYAL FRIENDS

One big mill man writes: "Aunt Becky," I've known you a long time; I've watched your progress from a weaver of cloth to a weaver of facts and fiction, with keen interest. Your stories are true to life, always helpful and inspirational, and mill officials everywhere should see that they are freely circulated throughout their mill communities.

"It took my breath away when a few years ago you shook the dust of North Carolina from your feet and turned 'Georgia Cracker.' But we are all proud of your success in the newspaper field; glad that you are back home in your native State; glad that you are still working for the advancement of mill people everywhere, and pray that mill officials will realize the importance of co-operating with you in all that you undertake."

From a Letter to Mr. Clark.

"I am interested in 'Becky's Home Section. It brings back memories of dear old Mill News which I liked so much to read when I was a doffer. When she wrote 'Will Allen-Sinner,' it lay in my heart a long time. I have worked through these years, served through the World War, and thought of that book many times."

"I have a family of two little girls, now, and truly hope that 'Aunt Becky' will write more and more good books to influence the minds and actions of the little ones I love; and, am sure that there are thousands like me in that way."

"To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die." It is truly gratifying and soul-satisfying, to have such evidence as the above, proving beyond a doubt that our work has not been in vain, and that it will "live in hearts we leave behind." To make some heart lighter, some path brighter, some load lighter, and to cement in an unbreakable bond the chain of friendship between Labor and Capital, is our great wish.

"Aunt Becky."

OBEDIENCE OR REBELLION?

"May my sweetheart and I meet at your house? They won't let me have company at home,—and I'm nearly 18! I'll go crazy if I can't see Ray somewhere, and I don't want to meet him in a way that might cause talk. Oh, why can't Daddy understand! I'm no baby, and he treats me as if I am utterly without common sense. I can't stand it, and I won't!"

And the girl, utterly miserable and desperate enough to run away and marry, burst into rebellious tears.

Her "Ray" has a good position and

makes around \$75.00 per week. He is perhaps eight or ten years older than she. Their love affair might blow over could they meet casually and naturally in her own home; but the tyranny of her parents may drive them together and away.

He has a fine automobile; it's easy to "meet at the corner" and take a ride, when she is supposed to be at a picture show.

Parents, when you DEMAND implicit obedience, you are laying the foundations for secret rebellion.

AFTER ALL, WHAT VALUE?

We can't help feeling that there has been too much laudation of Mrs. Ruth Womack's exploits. For the life of us, we can't see that our country has profited or will ever profit in the least, from her adventures. She, herself, has perhaps secured a neat sum for her spectacular performances. But what about the agony and suspense of uncertainty, that her husband and parents suffered.

Will money bring her happiness? Will she now seriously consider her marriage vow, go with her husband, and be content with the duties of a wife? We doubt it. She is undecided, and the public and the press help to keep her so. Her husband seems to have no recognized rights—no claim whatever, worthy of consideration, by Ruth or the public. She is not even called by his name, but is "Miss Ruth Elder," instead of "Mrs. Womack."

Ruth has nerve and a reckless courage. But in comparison with brave mothers who battled for long years against odds and have succeeded in rearing a family of boys and girls that are a credit to America, Ruth's adventures of a few short weeks are tame indeed and will not take first place or prize in the great and final record of worthy achievements.

It seems that the whole world is mad after thrills. One must dare the Almighty and flirt with death to win recognition, while those who toil day by day in a hum-drum way to keep the cogs of the universe from slipping—who through patience, endurance and self-sacrifice are making the world a fit place to live in,—are entirely overlooked.

Of what value is brute force? Or physical strength that opposes the spiritual? What is "courage" and "bravery" that selfishly ignores all except personal wishes and inclinations?

If God should come to weigh us in the scales of eternal judgment, who and what had you rather be?—Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Babe

Ruth, Ruth Womack, or some good, quiet Christian man or woman, boy or girl in a cotton mill, or on a farm, whose name has never been made famous by some extraordinary performance that wasn't worth a red cent?

It is time that the public take stock, revalue, relabel and begin to advertise its really worthwhile possessions,—people who toil patiently and honestly to produce something to contribute to the well-being of our country.

AN HONEST CONFESSION.

We hope every subscriber read "Cotton Mill People of the South As I Know Them," published in the BULLETIN last week. It was an address which Miss Marjorie A. Patwin, Welfare Director, Saxon Mills, Spartanburg, S. C., delivered before the National Association of Manufacturers, in Chattanooga.

It was an honest confession of a Boston woman, who came South a few years ago to study textile conditions, which in her imagination were so terrible, and mill officials so dangerous, that she took typhoid inoculation and smallpox vaccination and came armed with a pistol for protection!

Some of her prejudices and preconceived ideas received quite a jolt as her train moved South through lovely mill villages, and in a short time she began to see the many advantages of being co-workers for and with mill officials who were so "darned human" that they were really loved by the employees.

And now she is a champion booster for the Southern textile industry and a live-wire director of welfare work in an ideal mill village.

REMEMBER THE CHILDREN

If You Forget The Grown-ups.

Many people, have lost the joy that should fill their hearts at Christmas, because more is expected of them in the way of presents, than they are able to give. We often hear people say: "Oh, I'll be so glad when Christmas is over!" Why? Because it means nerve-racking expense that can ill be afforded.

To those who have time and talent to make pretty simple gifts, the burden is not so heavy. To others who have no time, and who have dozens of children looking to them for remembrances, it means a terrible strain and a keen regret that expectations can not be filled.

But it's better for a dozen grown-ups to be forgotten, rather than that one little child should be left out of your Christmas scheme of joy-giving.

TEXAS CAT TURNS UP AT YORK

Feline Emerges From Box Car After Ten-Day Trip From Galveston.

York, S. C.—Now that Charles Lindbergh and Ruth Elder have had their day of fame because one flew across the tossing Atlantic and the other tried but didn't succeed, York advances as her candidate for the spotlight another long distance traveler, a gray-coated cat with calm green eyes, that has just arrived here from Galveston.

She did not travel by airplane but made the long journey in a box car, without any company and without a thing to eat during the long trip of 10 days.

Christened.

"Miss Texas York," as she has been christened in honor of the State of her nativity and the town of her adoption, came here in a car-load of cotton shipped from Galveston to the Cannon Manufacturing Company.

She was not listed on the bill of lading and nothing was known of her presence in the car until the cotton was unloaded, when out stepped the cat, a lady cat at that, weak, gaunt and resembling a famine victim as the result of her long fast.

Touched.

The hearts of the men handling the cotton were touched by the sight of the feline and a realization of the hardships she had endured in order to leave Texas and settle down in the old "White Rose Town" of the Carolinas.

They gave her food and drink, whereupon she expressed her thanks by purring softly and in perfect tune in the key of G and then went into the warehouse, where she has since made abode.

The workers about the warehouse share dinner with her each day, stroke her fur and voice words of praise on account of the initiative and courage she has displayed. She appears undeniably wistful and pensive as if cogitating about friends she had left in the city down by the gulf.

All signs of nostalgia, however, have now vanished and "Miss Texas York" is enjoying life to the utmost in the placid atmosphere of the White Rose Town. — Charlotte Observer.

SAME THING DIFFERENT WAY

Why this fuss that couples park
Cars in which to sit and spark?
Old-style surries in the dell
Could be hugged in pretty well;
And no doubt the pairie schooners
Often held a pair of spooners
Why condemn the modern setting,
It's the same old kind of petting.

WHICH?

She was a woman worn and thin,
Whom the world condemned for
a single sin;
They cast her out on the king's high-
way,
And passed her by as they went
to pray.

He was a man and more to blame;
But the world spared him a breath
of shame;
Beneath his feet he saw her lie,
But he raised his head and passed
her by.

They were the people who went to
pray
At the temple of God on the holy
day;
They scorned the woman, forgave
the man—
It was ever thus since the world
began.

Time passed on, and the woman
died—
On the cross of shame was cruci-
fied;
But the world was stern and would
not yield,
And they buried her in the pot-
ters field.

The man died, too, and they buried
him
In a casket of cloth with a silver
rim,
And they said as they turned from
his grave away:
"We've buried an honest man to-
day."

Two mortals knocked at heaven's
gate—
And stood face to face to inquire
their fate.
He carried a passport with earthly
sign,
And she stood with a pardon from
love divine.

O, we who judge 'twixt virtue and
vice,
Which think ye entered paradise?
—Author Unknown.

SUGGESTED EPITAPHS.

This stone is erected for Rufus J.
Dean,
Who was cleaning his clothes in a
pan of benzine,
He lit up his pipe and started to
rinse,
And our friend Rufus J. hasn't
benzine since.

Beneath this sod lies little William
Brown,
He cranked up his lizzie and start-
ed to town,
A fire blew out and a piston broke,
After they found him he never
spoke.

Sacred to the memory of Sammie
Strive,
He touched a wire, it was alive,
He read the sign, but he wanted to
know,
Now he's gone home to dynamo.

This is the grave of Billie Sapp,
He tried to bite a dynamite cap,
His head was found down in the
well,
He will be missed: Ding Dong!
Bell!

This tombstone was erected by Mrs.
Jones,
To the memory of her son, Fait,
His Ford was struck by Number 10,
On June the first 19 and 8.

Here lies the remains of Arthur
Redd,
His home-brew exploded under
the bed,
He went thru the roof in a hurried
flight,
He passed out the following night.

Remember, man, as you pass by,
That under the sod you will some
day lie,
This is the grave of Allen Winn,
His head was busted with a rolling
pin.

(With sincere apologies to Sport
Hicks, Edgar Guest, and Longfellow.
—Gee McGee.)

WHAT NEXT?

We have had hog-calling contests
and swimming contests and flying
contests and every other kind of
contest that can be associated with
unnecessary innovations. What I'd
like to see is a wood-cutting contest
and a fodder-pulling contest and an
honest-day-of-work contest and a
better-collard-cooking contest and
a pretty yard contest and a stay-at-
home-wife-and-tend-to-your - busi-
ness contest and a non-gossiping
week contest and a debt-paying con-
test and a mind-your-own-affairs
contest. And a go-to-church con-
test might help some.

During the past year or two, we
have swum the English channel, air-
planed across the Atlantic, derigibled
around the North Pole, and reduced
the size of the dollar bill, and it now
looks like there ain't nothing else
wonderful to do, so we might as well
sit down and try to live normal lives.
—Gee McGee.

An "Onery" Comparison

"Did you know that George Wash-
ington was head of his class when he
was your age?" asked the father of
10-year-old by the way of comment
on the boy's school report.

"Yes," answered Johnny, "and he
was President of the United States
when he was your age."

Which sort of ended the discus-
sion.

USE GINGHAMS FOR CURTAINS AND CHAIR COVERS

Now that summer has come the house-wife will be wanting to do her rooms over, and make everything look cool, fresh and seasonable.

Try gingham for bedrooms, dining room and kitchen curtains and porch chair covers—or plain unbleached sheeting, neatly trimmed in broad bands of gingham, plain or checks.

These can be laundried beautifully; they are cheap, but give good, satisfactory service, and are well worth considering.

Pillow cases and top-sheets of bleached or unbleached sheetings, trimmed in bands of gingham to harmonize with the curtains, add much to the attractiveness of a bedroom.

"Subtraction"

A teacher in a western public school was giving her class in the first lesson in subtraction. "Now, in order to subtract," she explained, "things have to always be of the same denomination. For instance, we could not take three apples from four pears nor six cows from nine horses."

A hand went up in the back part of the room.

"Teacher," shouted a small boy, "can't you take four quarts from three cows?"—O. M.

CARROLLTON, GA.

Mandeville Mills Community.

Mandeville Mills float won a prize in the grand Centennial parade recently.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Doss and family visited in Newnan a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Pike, Misses Annie, Myrtle and Annie Mae Lambert, have been visiting in Alabama.

Quite a number of relatives from Carrollton attended the Austin reunion at Villa Rica, recently.

Our Christian Endeavor League has over 60 members.

Mr. Atton Lewis, formerly of this village, was killed by a passenger train in Macon.

We had a very good singing over at the new M. P. church Sunday afternoon and a number of talented singers from different places were there.

The Christian Endeavor League was delightfully entertained by Miss Ophie Lambert at her home last Wednesday night. Many enjoyable games were played and refreshments were served. The members departed at a late hour all pleased with our delightful hostess.

Miss Alice Owens is speedily recovering from a very severe attack of typhoid fever.

Miss Annie Wynn entertained a

number of her friends at her home Saturday evening in honor of her week-end guest, Miss Meredith Crumpton of Banning.

Rev. C. M. Golden of Cedartown, spent the week-end with his family here.

Our mill work is going on nicely; that is nothing new but I had not informed you of it.

The wedding bells rang merrily, Saturday night for Mr. Bill Williams and Miss Thelma Phillips, both of this community. We wish them bundles of success and happiness.

Mrs. Mattie Echols of Cedartown, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. R. Wynn.

Mrs. J. A. Bohannon, of Route 2, spent the week-end with her daughter, Mrs. H. T. Baker.

A Reader.

DARLINGTON, S. C.

We have one of the nicest and cleanest mills and villages to be found anywhere, with good running work throughout the mill, and a set of well contented help. We have a fine set of overseers, but are sorry to say we are losing our boss spinner, "Mr. J. R. Federline, Jr.," who is taking a similar position at the West Point Manufacturing Company, Lanett, Ala. We will miss him very much as he was always doing something for the betterment of our mill and community.

We have a nice Y. M. C. A., under the management of Mr. A. T. Shearin. We also have a good band under the leadership of Mr. J. S. Melton.

We have on our sick list at present, Mr. J. J. Weaver, and Mr. Chandler. Hope they will be back on their jobs soon.

Our Mothers' Club had a Hallo-we'en party Monday night, October 29th, and invited the Mother's Club from Hartsville and after games being played they served a delicious supper. All reported a fine time.

Aunt Becky Ann, come down and pay us a visit some time. We will be glad to have you, and know you would enjoy the trip. F. S. K.

(It has been a long time since I visited Darlington, and I'm sure I would enjoy going.—Aunt Becky.)

ROCK HILL, S. C.

The Spirit of Carhartt People.

Most of the people of the Carhartt community are very kind, helpful and accommodating. They are always ready at any time to help their unfortunate neighbors.

Various clubs have been organized under the direction of Miss Amy Harrison, the faithful community worker. These clubs have full attendance, and have as their members people who are trying to make

the best out of life. The purpose of these clubs is to give economic and moral support to the community as well as the members. They meet every week with an enthusiastic crowd always present.

There is also a night school which meets twice a week. This is attended by a goodly number who are eager to increase their knowledge in learning.

If the people in every community had the same spirit, there would be more people in Rock Hill eager enough to do their part in life the right way, and there would be less trouble.

Pansy Giles.

(Tenth Grade.)

KINGS MOUNTAIN, N. C.

(Continued from Page 1)

Mrs. B. R. Payseur, and daughter, Miss Eva, attended the Armistice celebration at Lincolnton, Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins of Wilmington, who are spending some time in Mr. Payseur's tourist camp; went with them.

Cora Mill.

The members of the W. M. S. of the Second Baptist church are going to give a missionary program Saturday, November 19, beginning at 7:30. The program consists of two playlets, "The Conversion of Farmer Brown to Stewardship" and "The Spirit of Missions," including readings, special music and recitations. Everybody is invited to come and a great time is expected. A free-will offering will also be taken.

Revival services will begin at the Second Baptist church, Sunday night, November the 20th. The pastor, Rev. W. N. Cook will do the preaching.

Dr. O. G. Falls, former secretary and treasurer of the Cora Mill, who has been confined to his bed several weeks is taking treatment in the Shelby Hospital. Mr. M. E. Falls has succeeded him as secretary and treasurer of the mill.

Dilling Mill.

Mr. Forrest Huffstetter, mechanic, lost a fine milk cow Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Conner and children, Lydia, Fay and Yates and Miss Louise Gantt, went to Misenheimer, Sunday to visit Rachel Conner, who is a student at Mitchell Home School.

Miss Mozelle Navy of Chattanooga, Tenn., arrived Sunday to spend some time with her grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Navy.

Miss Gertie Ballard took her Sunday school class on a picnic, Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Robert Lynn, of the Margrace Mill, who underwent an operation in the Shelby hospital about two weeks ago was able to return to his home this week.

Mrs. M. L. C.

DRIVEN FROM HOME

By

MRS. ETHEL THOMAS

(Continued from Last Week)

As they went up the broad walk from the road to the house, Albert paused to point out a wonderful bed of violets in full bloom, planted to spell, "God is Love."

"That was my grandmother's last work—fixing that bed, and we tend it, and keep it in shape—just as she wanted it," explained Albert, very tenderly.

A deep groan burst from the heart of John Elgricel, and Alfred turned startled, questioning eyes upon him.

"What is the matter sir?"

"A pain—just like I had in church—I—I—" he stammered.

"Come on in and lie down—you are sick!" said Alfred.

"Oh John, you are not sick, are you?" Louella gasped. Maud was watching the man and with quick intuition guessed the truth, and her knees went weak beneath her. What would Alfred do!

"Alfred!" she whispered; he looked at her and her lips formed the unspoken words—"Your father!"

Alfred stopped short and faced the man, who with his wife holding his arm, was following:

"Wait a minute,—," said the boy, "Wait a minute!—who are you?" he challenged.

"Just what I said in the church," answered his father in a despairing voice that was almost a sob—"a damned drunkard who has made a hell for himself and every one on earth—who cared for him—a darned drunkard, who deserves eternal punishment,—a scoundrel, a villian, a brute—meaner than even the devil wants a man to be—wanting a chance to atone,—but too late too late! I am—your father!"

Alfred folded his arms across his heaving breast, choking back the bitter denunciation that impulse urged him to hurl at this man, who had stumbled forward and was sitting on the bottom porch step, with head bowed between his knees, a picture of utter dejection.

All through boyhood he and his twin brother had vowed to some day "get even" with this man, who was responsible for the loss of mother and sister, who had shamefully treated Granny, and had beaten Johnnie so unmercifully, that even after long years the scars still remained. And he himself had been beaten cruelly, so had Albert. Oh, that the boys were both at home! All the murderous fiends in hell, were urging Alfred to quick and desperate action. His hands clenched till the nails cut into the flesh. The veins on his neck stood out like purple cords, and his teeth grated together in almost unbearable rage, as he bent toward the bowed figure on the door-step, almost choking with fury.

Maud drew back, horror-stricken, and Louella held her

They're All There

From the doffer boys, the spinners, the weavers on up to the overseers, superintendents and even the mill owners, they're all there in the

Becky Ann Books

Aunt Becky Ann (Mrs. Ethel Thomas) writes of Southern mill life as no other author has ever done. Her thrilling romances throb with life and love in the mill villages, grip your interest and hold it to the last line.

Read

Only a Factory Boy

Hearts of Gold

Will Allen—Sinner

The Better Way

A Man Without a Friend

Driven From Home

PRICE \$1.00 EACH

Order from

Clark Publishing Co.

Charlotte, N. C.

Nobodys Business

By Gee McGee.

Carelessness and Cussedness.

Carelessness and cussedness are twin brothers. The guy who will leave 2 or 3 big rocks in the road which he used to scotch his flivver with while fixing a puncture is the same cad that leaves the barn door open, and fails to put the lid on the molasses pitcher, and forgets to latch the garden gate, and parks his car sideways so's you can't get yours out till he decides to go home.

Half of the wrecks nowadays are caused by "average men" who try to light a cigarette without reducing the speed of their boat to 20 miles an hour, or the "rubes" who undertake to pass the car just ahead that is already breaking the speed limit, or the "fool" who thinks home-brew steadies one's nerves.

Men who know the schedules of regular trains are the ones that the trains run over oftenest. Bill Jones hits 'em down to the grade crossing at 55 per hour and looks neither to the right or to the left—because he knows No. 23 has already passed, and he never let the thought creep into his cranium that No. 23 could be 15 minutes late, and his family looks on in horror and amazement while their friends are scraping Bill's remains off the cow-catcher.

Sammie Brown loves bananas. He eats 4 or 5 a day. He peels 'em while wandering to and fro on the streets of his home town. He pitches the peeling away, but never notices or cares what part of the sidewalk they fall on. Sammie does not recall ever getting a bump on account of a little banana peeling, but poor old Mrs. Green comes along, and the next time you hear from her, she's in a plaster cast at the hospital with a broken hip. And Sammie's plain cussedness and carelessness keep him from selecting a garbage can for his peelings. The world would have been better off if Sammie had never gotten over the flu.

Then we have folks who leave the telephone receiver off the hook and sneeze in our faces and spit from the front seat while we are in the back and leave a rocking chair in the hallway at night and overlook turning off the water in the bathroom and scribble their name or initials all over a clean white plastered wall, just as if anybody cared a darn about them or their names, and spill cigar ashes all over the art square which is only 4 or 5 installments old.

It's a sin to be careless, and a crime to be possessed of a spirit of pure down-right cussedness, and if all of us could have due regard for one another's rights and privileges and comfort and happiness, this old world would be a better place to live in. (This article was written just after Mr. Spindell turned his 2 cows out to graze on my late roasting ear patch).

Everyday Troubles.

I wish somebody would invent a combination tooth paste and shaving cream. I'm getting

breath in anxiety, both watching the tableau that was about to be a tragedy.

What was it that drew Alfred's gaze to Granny's flower bed? Was her angel-spirit near? "God is Love!" "God is Love!" His lips began to quiver and a mist dimmed his sight.

Great God! If Jesus Christ could die for the sins of the whole world,—if God could forgive those who spat upon His only Son,—who crowned Him with thorns and tortured Him on the cross, surely he (Alfred) could forgive one poor self-condemned sinner,—as he himself had been forgiven! Stooping, he touched the bare, bowed head, noting that the dark hair was thickly streaked with gray.

"Come in—pa!" he said very gently. "I know Granny would be glad if she could know you had come,—and maybe she does know!"

"Bless your dear heart!" whispered Louella, to Alfred, the tears streaming down her face. "I feel that she does know."

Maud did not speak, but the glance she gave her husband, and the loving pat on his shoulder as she ran up the steps to open the door, were eloquent expressions of her love and satisfaction.

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" choked John Elgricel as Alfred assisted him to rise, and for a moment they stood locked in each other's embrace, there on the door-steps, in the May sunshine.

Presently they turned by common consent and gazed silently upon Granny's flower bed.

"God is Love!" said Alfred, John was silent. And after a moment they walked into the house, where John gazed around as if haunted.

"This is just as Granny left it," said Maud, waving her hand toward the room. "This was her chair, and now it shall be yours," pulling forward a large cushioned rocker.

"My poor old mother," sobbed John, "I was a brute to her;—she slaved all her life for me and mine, and wanted nothing but love and appreciation in return, and was denied that!"

"And—and my mother!—what of her?" was the question that was wrung from Alfred's soul, not as an accusation, but a plea for information.

"Oh, God! Don't!" cried John. "My punishment is greater than I can bear!"

CHAPTER XXX

As John Elgricel sank into his mother's cushioned arm chair, his frame shaking with great agonized sobs that seemed to rend his very soul, a strange incomprehensible impression came over him.

All the intervening years were magically swept away, and he was just a little boy again, cuddled up in his mother's lap, and her loving arms about him, her tender words of comfort and love undying, ringing in his ears.

Louella shook her head when Maud and Alfred would have tried to comfort him, and they quietly waited for

him to regain self control, feeling it best to allow his grief full sway, for the time being.

"Oh, mother! mother!" came his grief-stricken cry, "Too late, I have realized your goodness and faithfulness! How I wish I could tell my bitter experience to every wayward boy, and save them from the agony of an hour like this.

"The last time I saw her was in the kitchen door at home, when she pleaded for just one little kiss of affection,—and I refused it,—and laughed at her. Oh, God! how can I bear it!

"Alfred, I thought you were going to kill me a few minutes ago. Why didn't you? I deserve it—yes, killing is too good for me! I ought to be tortured for years—just as I tortured those who loved me!

"Yes! and God is punishing me with remorse that comes too late! This is my doom,—I deserve it, but how long can I bear it and live? How long,—oh, God, how long!

"Guilty of murder, in heart, of my sweet pretty girl wife;—your mother, Alfred,—who grew so afraid of me that she shrank from me even when I was sober. Oh, if I could only know what became of her and our infant baby. I tried to find them,—I spent money, employed detectives—tried every way to find them—and then I grew desperate. The ground opened and swallowed them from sight! And God holds me charged with murder!"

"Pa! Don't!" pleaded Alfred, who could keep silent no longer, and coming to stand by the stricken man and placing a hand on his shoulder: "If you are sorry—ask God to forgive you, for Christ's sake, and the burden of guilt will be gone, and a sweet peace will come into your soul. God is love. That was Granny's creed! she believed it, lived it, and left the message out there in the green things growing, for you. Let her accomplish in death what she failed to do in life—that is, lead you to the foot of the cross, where all sins are forgiven."

"It sounds mighty good, my boy, but I can't grasp it. I believe in God,—I believe in Christ—and I believe He died to save sinners—other sinners;—but I can't get close to Him—I guess I've waited too long."

"No, no; John!" cried Louella, kneeling by his side—"I believe God in His goodness, brought you back here, and that pardon full and free, awaits you."

John raised his head and looked at her. He reached out a hand and stroked her hair, as he said slowly:

"Louella, I'm thinking that maybe you are not my wife in the sight of God. Maybe—"

She bent forward with her soul in her eyes, pale, but brave and resolute, and answered:

"I married you in all good faith, John; I love you. You came like a ray of sunshine into my sad and lonely life. But if there is in your heart a doubt about our marriage—if it rises up as a barrier between you and the God of your mother,—if there is anything at all like that in your mind, I will gladly give you up,—and—return—to my home—alone, my grief and sorrow softened and made bearable in the consciousness that my love is big enough

tired of having to wash soap suds out of my mouth every morning or two just because my tube of shaving cream looks so much like my tube of tooth paste.

Just about time eggs went to 65 cents a dozen my physician put me on a soft-boiled egg diet. He had me eating soup made from 95-cent fryers last May. I am expecting him to prescribe strawberries for December, and watermelons for January, and cantaloupes for February, and fresh asparagus tips for Thanksgiving. It has always been a mystery to me why some doctor can't rise up and fix a fellow so's he can eat pork sausage and fried ham in season. I ain't allowed to touch a dern thing that I think is fit to eat.

DRAPER, N. C.

On November 18th, beginning at three o'clock, a Baby Show, sponsored by the Woman's Club, will be held in the Y. M. C. A. Prizes will be given, for best all-around babies from three months to two years of age. Miss Schaffner, head of Home Economics Department, N. C. C. W., will make a talk on the "Care of Babies."

Mrs. H. B. Armstrong has been visiting her sick father, Mr. J. M. Craig, of Pomona.

Mr. Edgar Ray is a new addition to the "oiling" force in the spinning room.

Mrs. Delila Gaddy is back at work after nursing an abscess in her head.

Mrs. Cora Rickman has returned from the hospital and is recovering from an operation.

Miss Grace Jones attended the wedding of her cousin, Miss Ada Carter, at Leatherwood, Va.

W. O. Ferris is the proud owner of the largest hog ever seen here. It is seven feet long, three and one-half feet high, and weighs at least 800.

The Girls' Basketball team is doing some fine work and is getting a lot of healthful exercise, both physical and mental.

The Girls' Club is considering ways and means for a big Thanksgiving party. This is an annual event of great importance and interest.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Mary Harlowe, wife of R. E. Harlowe. She leaves a husband, five daughters and one son.

SPRAY, N. C.

Herbert Robinson has resigned his position with Rhode Island Mill and has returned to Elkin.

W. F. Humbert is welcomed back to our organization. He left here a year ago for a position in Gastonia.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Hodges have been visiting in Sanford and Burlington—he, in the interest of the Rotary Clubs.

Herman Hopper, of University of North Carolina, has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Annie Hopper.

Mrs. A. B. Rakes and daughter, Blanch, of Martinsville, Va., have been visiting Mrs. Maggie Peters.

Messrs. Tom Smith, J. V. Orrell and J. F. Meisemer attended the Methodist Conference in Asheville.

CLINTON, S. C.

Lydia Mill Village News.

Dear Aunt Becky: Everything is going along nicely in our mill and village. The company has purchased a new tractor to be used in scraping and cleaning the streets, and is doing many things to improve and beautify our village.

Mr. R. F. Miller and family have been spending the week-end in Trion, Ga.

Mr. J. D. Glynn is still improving and we wish him a speedy recovery.

Mr. Charlie Wilson has resigned his position as section man in the spinning room at Woodruff Cotton Mills, Woodruff, S. C., to take a similar position at Lydia.

Mr. W. J. Jones resigned his position at Pelzer, S. C., to take a loom fixer's job at Lydia.

Mr. Wallace Splawn, overseer of spinning at Watts Mills, Laurens, S. C., was a visitor here last week.

Mr. W. R. Thomas and family were visiting in Goldville, S. C., Sunday.

Mr. O. M. Lipe and family motored to Marion, N. C., last Sunday and report a fine time.

We are glad to welcome Mr. McCrory and family back to our village; also Mr. P. E. Huff and family.

Miss Adetta Mauney and Miss Azill Anderson, from the University of South Carolina; Miss Lou Belle Neighbors, from Limestone College; Miss Josephine Neighbors, from Greenwood Business College, were visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Mauney last week.

Mr. Murphy and family were visiting in Greer, S. C., Sunday.

Our pastor, Mr. Justis, preached a splendid sermon Sunday; subject, "The Perils of Postponement."

We had a quartette by Messrs. Justis, Lackey and Golightly, followed by a duet by the Templeton sisters, all of which was enjoyed very much by the congregation.

We have been cleaning and beautifying the cemetery through the management of Rev. Justis.

We are expecting to erect a new Baptist church soon.

Mr. Mat Davis and Miss Lizzie Godfrey motored to Woodruff, S. C., last Sunday and were married.

Mr. Joe Wofford and family, of Lexington, N. C., were week-end visitors here.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Cothran, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cothran and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brownlee, of Laurens, visited relatives here Sunday.

Mr. Charlie Wilson visited relatives in Woodruff Sunday.

Mrs. L. W. Davis visited relatives in Laurens last week.

Well, Aunt Becky, call to see us sometime and we will do all we can to make your visit a pleasant one.

SMOKY.

(I always enjoy a visit to Lydia Mills. Thank you for writing.—Aunt Becky.)

PERFECTLY MADE

Little Laura had been given a doll for her birthday, and she spent some time examining its body. Then she proceeded to carefully feel her own body. After her examination was completed, she solemnly declared: "Well, I'm made nicer than dolls. I can't find a seam on me anywhere."—Ida Kier.

and strong enough to make such a sacrifice. Life is too short, John, eternity too long for us to trifle with God."

"Louella!" he cried broken, folding his arms about her, "I'll never give up! You are too good for me—but you are mine—I will never give you up—no, never!"

Alfred and Maud exchanged tearful glances, and ventured the opinion that the long years had made John free, and that Louella was in reality a wife in the sight of God.

John forced a smile and gazed into the woman's anxious face, kissed her and said: "Surely God gave you to me—and let's forget ugly thoughts. Of course you are my very own wife and we are going to try to live creditably and honorably. I'll promise right here as I sit in mother's chair, feeling almost as if I were in her lap—I will cut out the whiskey. I'm done with that forever."

Alfred and Maud slipped out to the kitchen to see about dinner, and Maud exclaimed:

"Well, isn't it wonderful? You remember how you felt this morning?—as if something would happen?"

"Yes, I was just thinking about it," returned Alfred. "And do you—something did like to happen!—I came near killing my own father! Granny's flower bed saved me—or her spirit,—or God's guardian angels,—or something. All the devils in hell broke loose in my soul for a moment—and I was insane, I think."

"Wonder what Johnnie would do if he knew?" ventured Maud as she sliced some cake.

"I hope he'll not find out. He has suffered so much—but oh—Maud, we must try to forget,—we must wipe the slate clean for Pa, and help him begin life over again. He has a wonderful—" Alfred hesitated a moment then gave Louella the sacred name, very softly,—“wife.”

"She truly is wonderful, I like her," returned Maud. "But do you think your father is converted?"

"I'm afraid not. He's trying to reform, through his own strength. But we must pray that the light will come into his soul."

John and Louella were calm, when called to dinner, though traces of emotion still lingered, even after they had bathed their faces. When Alfred bent his head and thanked God for health and food and home, and for the return of his long lost father, and prayed for his conversion, John came near breaking down again.

His girl wife,—Mary,—Alfred's mother, used to return thanks at the table in the same way, and memories haunted John Elgricel today as never before in life.

The conversation turned to other subjects, and Alfred soon acquainted his father of Granny's plans for the farm, making it very plain that he expected his father to remain with him.

And if John wondered in his heart what the attitude of his other sons would be, and what reception they would give him, he kept such thoughts locked in his own heart, conscious that if they should kill him, it would be no more than he deserved,—yet he hoped that for their own soul's sake, they would forgive—just as Alfred had done.

(Continued Next Week)